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Litmus 3 2 1

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Luther passed among those girls he didn't know
Scotch Ale, though none could appreciate the campfire biscuit
aftertaste. I'm a smokejumper you know, he tells
the small one with the bitter
face: you must be
Dangerous.

A smile builds on Luther

Mr. Terminus spills from the cracked wall, next to my ear.
You shouldn't be here— Luther
you aren't, eventually they'll know.
Girls don't know my
raven smile.
— All the girls with prettier eyes
not seeing Luther, the cracked wall.

She leaves with his ale, laughing.
Another girl passes and Luther
can't impress himself...
running fingers over the cracked wall.

I know the cold bullets,

the lead in Luther's gut.